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### C472: Possessing Sun Qiang



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#### Chapter 472: Possessing Sun Qiang

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The soul that is in control effectively becomes the owner of the body. If another soul couldn't make it in time to fill up the gap following that soul's expulsion, there was a high possibility that the body might die, thus becoming a corpse.

At the very least, at the current situation, even though the previous host's soul was suppressed, it still stood a chance. Once the body became a corpse, he would be doomed.

"Zhang shi, the study of the soul is an incomparably complex subject. Even gods dare not claim to fully understand it. Given that he's in control now, if the other soul is unable to take back control in time... that would be no different from murder!" Hall Master Sai's expression turned grim.

"Indeed! You should think twice!" Luo Qin also panicked.

Everyone knew that the old man was here to conduct a trade. If he were to die here, the reputation of the auction hall would fall into the gutters.

"I should indeed think twice!" Zhang Xuan nodded in agreement.

They were right. The topic of souls was incredibly profound—conventional rules may not necessarily apply to it. If Zhang Xuan fails to resolve the issue properly, the old man might become an idiot or even worse, meet his demise. If so, it would be hard for him to avoid responsibility.

"Many people know about our trade. If anything happens to me, the Appraiser Hall and auction hall will be doomed!"

Seeing the hesitation in everyone's eyes, the old man chuckled, "Why don't I suggest something? Let's continue on with our trade. I'll give you the Soulless Metal Humanoid but... in exchange, you have to eradicate the soul of the previous host for me! In the end, regardless of whether you are trading with me or him, you will obtain the Soulless Metal Humanoid, so why should you take the risk?"

There was nothing for Zhang Xuan to lose from accepting his deal. On the contrary, if he were to insist on saving the previous host, it was one thing if he succeeded, but what if he were to fail?

"Zhang shi..."

Luo Qin looked at Zhang Xuan anxiously.

He was a businessman and, in his view, there was nothing profitable from going through so much risk to save a mere passer-by.

In any case, everyone only knew that this fellow was plagued by an evil spirit. Regardless of which one was killed, as long as he walked out of the Appraiser Hall alive, the auction hall's reputation could be retained.

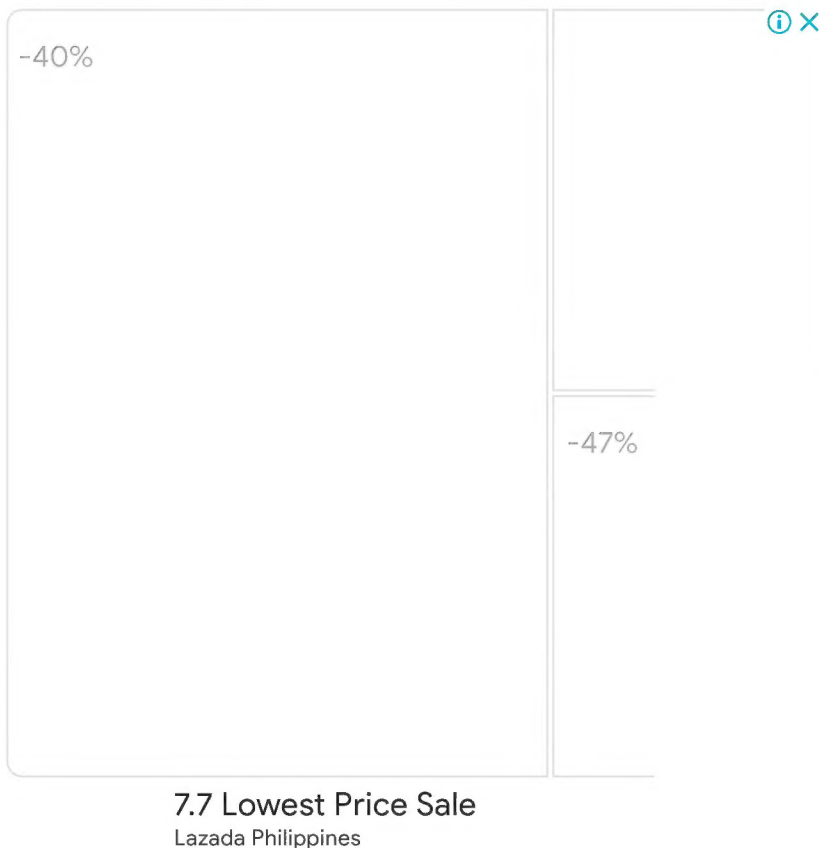
"Your words do make sense! My goal is the Soulless Metal Humanoid so there's indeed no need for me to take this risk."

Sighing, Zhang Xuan eyebrows shot up and he glanced at the old man indifferently, "However, did you just say that there's nothing I can do? I happen to have just thought of one method and I would like to give it a try..."

"Try?"

Not expecting the other party to want to make a move despite having persuaded him the entire time, Luo Qin's face reddened in panic.

Are you trying it out just for fun?



You do know that a life is at stake here right...

"Gongzi..."

Worried, Jin Conghai turned to gongzi in hopes of getting him to convince Zhang Xuan otherwise.

But this time, Zhao Feiwu waved his hands grimly and said, "Don't. This is the responsibility and mission of a master teacher. This isn't something he should avoid!"

Behind the respect and prestige master teachers possessed was heavy responsibility.

Zhang Xuan didn't know the name and background of this old man, and he never even interacted with him before. However... if he were to overlook his life and death, what would be left of his morals?

How could an immoral person enlighten the world and guide his students?

If one is upright, his intentions will be obeyed without a command. If one isn't upright, his command will not move anyone.

Guiding a student wasn't just about imparting him the best cultivation technique so that they could grow strong. More importantly, one had to instill the correct values in them.

Otherwise, even if they were to mature, they would only become scum and bring harm to the world. If so, master teachers would lose their purpose of existence.

"This..."

Jin Conghai froze, and he clenched his fists tightly.

As a poison master, he could resort to underhanded tricks to achieve his goals. However, the other party was different. He was a master teacher whose responsibility was to enlighten the world. If he were to cower before difficulty, how could he win the hearts of his student?

...

The old man didn't expect for Zhang Xuan to adamantly choose to deal with him despite the advantages and disadvantages being set out clearly. His face darkened and he said, "So, you intend to stand against me?"

"Stand against you? You're thinking too much. I just want to expel you. After all, this body doesn't belong to you!"

Shaking his head, Zhang Xuan flicked his wrist and a few silver needles appeared on his palm.

"Silver needles? You intend to use this to deal me, a soul?"

He thought that the other party had some idea in mind but after seeing what the other party took out, the old man burst into laughter.

Those needles might be able to heal one's physical injuries and resolve one's cultivation bottleneck... But to deal with a soul? You must be joking!

It was as though using an arrow to shoot a fly — futile.

Disregarding the old man's contempt, Zhang Xuan infused a surge of zhenqi into the needles and flicked his finger. A cold gleam flashed as the needles shot through the air.

"Needles are completely ineffective against souls..."

Seeing that Zhang Xuan really intended to use those needles to deal with the old man, Hall Master Sai slapped his face.

Given how confident the other party was, he thought that he might have some good idea in mind. In the end, it seemed like the other party intended to just try everything that seemed plausible.

Hall Master Sai had read quite a few books on soul oracles and so he knew a bit about souls. Souls were intangible and coming into contact with it through material objects was impossible.

It was just like using one's sword to cut air. Even if the needle struck the old man, it would be ineffective on the intangible soul. Perhaps, it might even cause meridian blockage, resulting in internal injuries for the body.

"To expel a soul, one has to prepare plain clothes, yellow amulets, an altar of tributes to the heavens, and a formation as well. There's no way a silver needle can work..."

Knowing that the method wouldn't work, Hall Master Sai shook his head. He immediately revealed everything he knew in hopes that Zhang Xuan could follow the conventional method. However, halfway through his words, he gulped down a mouthful of saliva and started trembling. "How... is this possible?"

As soon as the silver needle pierced into the arrogant old man's body, the latter's face immediately paled.

Fear surfaced in his eyes. He wanted to escape, but he fell to the ground instead, convulsing ceaselessly.

With just a single needle, the other party's soul lost control?

This... How in the world did he manage to do it?

If souls were that easy to deal with, soul oracles wouldn't have been such a feared existence back then so as to require the Master Teacher Pavilion to make a move personally.

"Y-your zhenqi..."

While Hall Master Sai and the others were overwhelmed with shock, the old man was frenzied.

He had just said the silver needle would be useless when such a situation occurred. The intense fear he felt made him shriek uncontrollably.

What he feared wasn't the silver needle but... the other party's zhenqi!

That zhenqi seemed to carry a bizarre strength that expelled souls. Upon contact with it, his soul felt as though a bottle of hard alcohol being set ablaze. The excruciating pain made him feel as though he was being torn apart.

'This is... superior zhenqi?' The elder narrowed his eyes and a thought appeared in his head.

Legend had it that due to the inconceivable purity of superior zhenqi, it possessed the ability to ward off evil. This was also the main reason why despite the incredible means of the soul oracles, they still chose to avoid crossing the paths of master teachers back then.

Just that... superior zhenqi was something that very few people in the Master Teacher Pavilion possessed, inherited only by the descendants of the Kong shi and his students. Why in the world did this fellow possess it as well?

Could this fellow be a descendent of Kong shi's lineage as well?

If that was the case, he was truly an existence to be feared.

He had only barely escaped from the eerie tomb and he just had to meet with this person. Fate sure was cruel!

"No, if this continues on, I'll surely die..." As the number of silver needles on him increased, zhenqi was constantly being transmitted over via the tip of the needle, threatening to tear him apart. The old man's eyes turned crimson.

Superior zhenqi was the bane of soul oracles. If this were to go on, there would be only one result — he would be incinerated into oblivion.

"I have to find someone to possess..."

Knowing that he would surely crumble if this were to go on, the old man bore with the pain and silently assessed the group before him.

Continuing to remain in this body would only lead to his death. The only plausible course of action at this moment was to possess someone else and find a way in the future to exact vengeance.

But even if he were to successfully possess someone here, he had to make sure that the bizarre young man wouldn't find out. Otherwise, if the other party were to launch another course of attack on him, he would still be doomed.



"Damn it... To force me into possessing another body once more, I'll never forget this grudge!"

Even though he had made up his mind, the old man's heart was dripping blood.

Possession wasn't as easy as it sounded. Every single attempt at possession would cause immense damage to his soul. Not only would his cultivation fall, his soul would also be significantly wounded as well.

Before possessing the body of this old man, his cultivation was actually at Transcendent Mortal 3-dan primary stage. However, after the possession, his cultivation fell by two cultivation realms to Transcendent Mortal 1-dan primary stage.

In other words, even if he were to succeed, his cultivation would plummet sharply. Perhaps, it might fall by another two cultivation realms once more, falling down to Zhizun.

"It'll have to be one of them..."

Roaring furiously, he looked around and finally found an ideal target.

Of the entire room, the weakest one should be Zhao Feiwu who had never cultivated before. However, she had quite a few treasures on her that made it difficult for even a Transcendent Mortal 3-dan to kill her, lest be said, an incomplete soul like him.

Thus, the only viable targets were Zhao Ya, Sun Qiang, and the others.

Their strengths were at Zongshi realm so even if his cultivation fell once more after possession, he would still be able to suppress them easily.

"He is the one..."

The old man's eyes glowed as he focused his attention on a plump man standing not too far away.

That fellow's cultivation was the lowest of the group, and judging from the dull-witted expression on his face, he seemed to have the lowest wariness of the group. Thus, it should be easiest to possess his body.

"Possession!"

Having chosen a target, the old man immediately acted, knowing that he might lose his chance if he were to dawdle.

Hu!

His soul immediately converted into an intangible smoke which gushed straight toward the plump man.

Putong!

As soon as the soul left, the old man's body immediately froze and fell motionless.

"He's gone..."

Upon seeing the changes, Hall Master Sai cheered in delight.

The lack of reaction meant that there was no soul to control the body at the moment. Most probably, the possessing soul was driven into a corner some method of this Zhang shi, leaving it with no choice but to escape.

When the young man said that he was going to give it a try, Hall Master Sai thought that the possibility would surely be extremely slim. Never in his dreams did he expect that the other party... would succeed so easily.

"Un..."

Then, the unconscious old man suddenly jolted and his eyes slowly opened.

As the possessing soul escaped, the original soul was finally free of its shackles, allowing it to regain control over the body.

"I am itinerant cultivator Luo Zhu. Thank you Zhang shi for saving my life..."

Even though his soul had been suppressed during this period of time, he was still able to see the entire proceedings clearly. He knew that if it wasn't for this young man's persistence, the one to die would have surely been him.

No amount of words could express the gratitude he felt for the other party.

Standing up, he was just about to express his deep gratitude when a sound echoed not too far away.

Ah choo!

A plump man standing a short distance away suddenly felt a gust of chill and shivered.

"This is bad, h-he is being possessed!"

Hearing the sneezing sound, the old man Luo Zhu suddenly remembered something. His eyes narrowed and he immediately exclaimed.

A cultivator's body is tempered by zhenqi, making them invulnerable to common illnesses. Under normal conditions, they would never sneeze.

Back then, when Luo Zhu was being possessed, he also sneezed. Given that the fellow had just left and this plump man immediately sneezed, it was clear that he was trying to take over the body of the latter!

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